UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

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John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

"The Ordeal of Mark Twain"

By RICHARD CLAUGHTON

The Failure of the Interchurch World Movement

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Reviews *By* FREDERICK STARR:

The Soul of Abraham Lincoln

William E. Barton

The Plot Against Mexico

L. J. deBekker

Through Santo Domingo and Haiti

Samuel Guy Inman

Credo—*a Poem*

By ZONA GALE

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXXV THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1920 Number 20

CREDO.

O you not only worshipful but dear,
Now have I learned not merely majesty
But gentleness and friendlihood to be
Your way of drawing near.

And late, upon a blue and yellow day,
Wandering alone along a hill of Spring
I caught another tender summoning—
As if you were the comrade of my play.

How strange that I have looked so lone and far
When it is you, Great Love, who lonely are.
How I have sought you in high, cosmic leisure
When you are eager in my childish pleasure!

Why there is no dim doctrine to believe;
Only to feel this plucking at my sleeve.

Zona Gale.

It is the judgment of Charles E. Hughes, spoken at the centennial celebration of the Harvard Law School, that "we may well wonder, in view of the precedents now established, whether constitutional government in this republic could survive another great war even victoriously waged." This statement is first of all a terrific indictment of the tyrannies practiced in this country under guise of law during the past three years. That Mr. Hughes had these enormities in mind, he left in no doubt by saying, "We went to war for liberty and democracy, with the result that we fed the autocratic appetite"; and by appealing for "a new birth of freedom," to give "the assurance of liberty" once again to the people. But more is involved in this utterance than an indictment of recent governmental outrages. What is supremely significant in Mr. Hughes's words is his confession as to the reality of war. The plea of the pacifist is against justified—that the sword slays him who grasps the hilt as well as him who takes the point. From the material point of view, the Allies destroyed themselves almost as completely as they destroyed Germany. In the spiritual sense, which is alone finally important, they enslaved themselves, by their victory in arms, to the very tyranny which they sought to overthrow. The Great War has now not a shred of glory left to hide its naked horror. And yet, such "fools we mortals be," that we are already busy tucking it away as one of the glorious memories, instead of crowning disgraces, of mankind!

No more interesting or significant news has been published in a long time than that of the establishment by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers of a "Co-operative National Bank," located in Cleveland, Ohio. This is an undertaking similar to that initiated by the soft-coal miners last fall, in the purchase of factories for the production and distribution on a co-operative basis of clothing, shoes, food, and other necessities of life. It would seem as though the workers in this country were at last beginning to learn wisdom—to see, in other words, what the workers of Europe have long since come to see, that in co-operation is the surest way out of the industrial dilemma of our time. Strikes may be inevitable as an instinctive movement of revolt against intolerable conditions of life and labor, but they are as futile as they are wasteful, as a means to the desired end of economic emancipation. It is doubtful if strikes have ever accomplished anything permanent for labor. What the workers must do, if they would be free, is to build right inside the existing industrial order, a new order of their own, which shall function independently of capitalism, and at last overcome it, as the kernel of a nut, expanding from within, at last splits and casts aside the shell. Labor must organize its own society—possess its own factories and warehouses and stores, maintain its own banks and exchanges, lay hold upon its own wheat-fields and forest-lands, organize its own government for the management of its own affairs. Labor must disown and ignore capitalism, and thus prove it unnecessary to human existence and happiness. This the great Co-operatives of European countries have very largely done, and to the extent of their success have weakened capitalism, as the trumpets of Joshua weakened and finally overthrew the walls of Jericho. It is to be hoped that the action of the miners in securing and operating their own factories, and now of the locomotive engineers in establishing their own bank, means that the strike era of industrial history is nearing its end. Let labor lift at once the two weapons of political action and co-operative organization, and, like Monte Cristo, it can cry, "the world is mine!"

The social program recently presented to the Central Conference of Jewish Rabbis by its Commission on Social Justice, affords an interesting standard by which to measure the progress achieved in our time in this business of social reform. The six principles laid down in the program as "axiomatic" are as follows: "The eight-hour day as a maximum of all industrial workers; a compulsory one-day-of-rest-in-seven for all workers; regulation of industrial conditions to give all workers a safe and sanitary working

environment . . .; abolition of child labor . . .; adequate workingmen's compensation for industrial accidents and occupational diseases; and provision for the contingencies of unemployment and old age." A few years ago, these principles would have been regarded as almost revolutionary. Today they hardly stir interest in the mind of any forward-looking person. Labor has long since moved far beyond any such minimum of social change as this. Grant every principle thus laid down as "axiomatic," and the present fever of industrial unrest will rage as fiercely as ever. What labor demands today, as some of the Jewish rabbis clearly see and nobly stated at this Rochester Conference, is not merely the basic decencies of civilized existence, but freedom—that same freedom in the industrial world which they enjoy without question in the political world. Wage slavery, however ideal the conditions of its control, is still slavery. Nothing but full economic enfranchisement will today satisfy the workingman. Never was this fact proclaimed more emphatically than in the Robing Room of the House of Lords, in England, when Mr. Stracker, secretary of the Northumberland miners, was on the witness stand before the Coal Commission. Asked if wages were made as high as the miners wished, and houses of the best, whether the workers would be satisfied, Mr. Stracker replied, "No, we want our freedom." A second time the question was put, the wages soaring and the houses growing palatial, but the imperturbable secretary replied again, "No, we want our freedom." A third time the question was stated, accompanied by an alluring picture of living and working conditions, but still came back the same answer, "No, we want our freedom. We want to be part of the control."

The recent wide-spread recognition in England and America of the eightieth birthday of Thomas Hardy persuades us once again to make mention in these columns of *The Dynasts*. We are always glad of an excuse to speak of this work, in hopes of making one more reader for what we seriously regard as the greatest piece of poetic literature produced in England since Milton's *Paradise Lost*. At this time in particular is *The Dynasts* of momentous significance as a commentary on war. We have the feeling that if the race could once come to see itself as Hardy sees it in this stupendous drama, it would straightway free itself of "wars and rumors of wars" forever. But that is not yet! The race rises slowly to the stature of its greatest men. Then, too, *The Dynasts* is a work which must produce its effect not all at once, but ultimately and by slow degrees. Christopher Morley, in his *The Haunted Bookshop*, speaks with fine imagination when he says, "There's enough T. N. T. in that book (*The Dynasts*) to blast war from the face of the globe. But there's a slow fuse attached to it. It hasn't really exploded yet. Maybe it won't for another fifty years." Meanwhile it is heartening to notice that the fuse is burning briskly. A few years ago, *The Dynasts* was commonly regarded as the eccentric handiwork of feeble old age. Today it has won recognition as a masterpiece. The explosion, destined sooner or later to blow it into the popular mind, cannot be long delayed.

To those city-dwellers who make the city their home the greater part of the year and who do not spend from one to four months annually in some rural retreat, the city has much of interest and value to offer, many interesting things to see and delightful trips to take and lectures and music to hear. Chicago is perhaps particularly blessed in this respect with her many large parks, public and private, her municipal pier with all its attractions free to the public, and her great University. Even the opera fan delights in the splendid operatic performances at Ravinia Park; those who love community singing will find it at the Municipal Pier and other public parks. Community Service, 108 S. La Salle Street, issues free of charge a monthly pamphlet of fifty pages detailing everything the city offers from Art Exhibitions and Aeroplane Trips to Victrola Concerts, Tennis and the Zoo. The University of Chicago in its public Tuesday and Friday evening lectures at Mandel Hall offers this summer some unusually attractive speakers, for example, Stephen Leacock, Lorado Taft, Percy Mackaye, and also during the summer, Amy Lowell. A complete list of these lectures may be obtained from the Information Bureau at the University. The shorter and more lengthy boat trips, the ever fascinating Dunes, the always possible hike, the immense area of the parks, offer to the outdoor lover at least some compensation for the country for which he doubtless longs but which is not really so inaccessible as he thinks. Q.

It must be with a weary and somewhat satirical smile that those suffragists who spent long, difficult months picketing the White House and long painful nights in the filthy Washington jail in what then seemed a fruitless effort to convince the Democratic administration that women are also citizens, now learn that President Wilson has written to inform the Governor of Tennessee that "it would be a real service to the party and the nation" if the Governor would call a special session of the Tennessee Legislature to consider the suffrage amendment. The President also writes: "Allow me to urge this very earnestly," and he requests the Attorney General to give him an opinion as to the constitutionality of such action on the part of the Governor of Tennessee, which the Attorney General promptly does. It seems almost too obvious that the secret of the whole matter lies in one little phrase of

the President's letter, and that the time having come when the "real service" of the woman's vote is sadly needed by the Democratic party, drastic steps are in order to see that she has a vote with which to serve. Not to be at all partial, the women also pointed out possible modes of action to the Republican Convention and it is interesting to note that the possibility of calling a special session of the legislature has already occurred to the Republican Governor of Vermont. It would seem then a race for first honors between Democratic Tennessee and Republican Vermont. Surely, "the world do move"! Q.

The Failure of the Interchurch World Movement

The withdrawal of the Northern Baptists from the Interchurch World Movement, following so closely upon the somewhat less decisive but no less significant repudiation by the Presbyterian General Assembly, means the final collapse of that gigantic undertaking after a united Protestantism. A last desperate endeavor is being made to reorganize the movement, so that it may not wholly disappear; but this can hardly be regarded as anything more than the melancholy work of salvage. It is the labor of men who seek the wrecked vessel after the storm has abated and the tide has fallen, to see what stray fragments of cargo and timber can be saved from the shattered hulk. The offices hastily closed, the enormous staff of secretaries scattered more hurriedly than they were gathered, the pathetic farewells spoken by those who had dreamed such dreams, and seen such visions, all tell the tale of disaster. Never we believe in Christian history has so ambitious, and we may add so admirable and promising, an undertaking, so suddenly and completely tumbled to ruin. As we look at what has happened, we can think of nothing but what we witnessed a few weeks ago on Independence Day. On the wonderful night of that great national holiday, the sky was filled with leaping fire. Everywhere were the handsome lights of rockets, candles and exploding bombs. Bonfires blazed along the shore, and the far gleam of torches fell upon the sea and rose to the dark spaces of the stars. Then, a few hours later, in the harsh reality of day, what was left? Some black smudges on the rocks, the scattered remnants of fire-cracker and torpedo, smoking debris, burnt-out matches, the sticks which had risen amid such glory in the night, only to fall and lie forgotten by the roadside or in the field! The Interchurch Movement had a glorious time while it lasted; but we now know it was handling empty fire, which was bound to turn to ashes in the end.

It would be charitable perhaps to dismiss the Interchurch Movement, without more ado, in silence. Speedy burial, with as few obsequies as possible, is fitting in such cases. On the other hand, however, is the challenge of such a failure to examination and understanding. There are lessons here to be learned—impressive facts to be analyzed and studied. The collapse of this movement, so carefully planned, so ably supported, is not without its uses. If it has done nothing else, it has at least revealed to the gaze of all mankind the sordid reality of organized religion in our time. It has shown, as nothing else could have shown, just what Protestantism is today. The Movement, for all its tragedy of waste and defeat, may not have been in vain, if it has taught us to see our world, and lay hold upon the facts of our religious life as they really are.

I.

From this point of view, the first thing to be said about the Interchurch World Movement is, that it has revealed the utter spiritual degeneracy of our existing denominational churches. A good many of us have long been under the impression that the average church could no longer be regarded, in any true sense of the word, as an institution of religion. A theological academy, an ecclesiastical machine, a private club—the church was obviously any one, or all, of these things. But a repository, or instrument, of religious idealism, it just as obviously was not. To demonstrate such an indictment as this, was of course impossible. Those of us who spoke the word of denunciation of the whited sepulchers of Christianity, were laughed at and spat upon and ignored by turns. But we knew that the churches, judged by every standard of the spirit, were as hopeless in our day as Jesus had found them in his. And now comes along the fiasco of the Interchurch World Movement to prove our case!

Never was such an opportunity bestowed upon the forces of religion. The Great War had swept away, as so much dross, the things that divided the churches, and dedicated them to one great task of earthly endeavor. On however low a plane and to however unworthy an end, the churches were still acting together in the War, and were doing something other than maintaining their own particular ecclesiastical organizations, and seeking to convert men and women to their own particular dogmas of theology. For the first time in centuries, the churches had a job which engaged all their energies, and had some imaginable connection with the practical welfare of mankind. This job brought Jew and Catholic and Protestant together. They spoke the same language, prayed to the same God, and saw the same vision of the Kingdom come on earth. What wonder that men talked of a new religion and a delivered church! What wonder that they anticipated with noble confidence the advent in all countries, after the War, of a great spiritual revival. The struggle of arms was hideous, and

as we now know was stirred by bad motives and directed to selfish ends; but it had its heroic side, and in nothing was this side more manifest than in its exaltation of the religious consciousness of man.

But the Interchurch Movement not only had an unexampled opportunity, but was also given a program worthy of this opportunity. In the beginning, this vast undertaking was in the hands of statesmen, who understood what religious activity in the twentieth century should be. They had no idea of having this awakened life of the churches run to waste in the excesses of a Billy Sunday campaign. They were delivered of all the old shibboleths of conversion and salvation. They saw what everybody else saw—a wrecked world, which must be reconstructed if man was to survive upon this planet; and they saw as well the part which the churches could and should bear in this undertaking. What had been achieved under the stress of war, must be carried over and sublimated in the dull routine of peace. The churches must be kept together, their liberated energies transferred and harnessed up anew to the work of reconstruction now challenging exhausted humanity. A program must be prepared, as careful and thorough in detail, as Foch's plan of campaign against the Germans. Nor was this program lacking! In the face of all the tragic failure which has come upon the Interchurch World Movement, let it not be forgotten that, in its inception, it was a splendid thing. It possessed imagination, it sought and used knowledge, it was fired by a true spirit of consecration to ends of practical human welfare, and it had a program! At the start at least, it abundantly deserved to succeed!

Then came the revelation as to the churches. The first and highest hope of the Interchurch Movement had been that all the forces of religion should be united in the work of peace, as they had been so happily united in the work of war. This hope was blasted on the instant by the demand of the great Protestant sects that Jews, Catholics and even Liberal Christians should be excluded. The magic talisman of "evangelical" must still exercise its baleful influence! Then it was proposed, with superb insight and heroic faith, that the evangelical churches should seize the divine moment of war's aftermath to wipe out forever all denominational barriers, and join their forces in one great "Church of Christ." But the churches, when brought to the test, had not the spiritual vision to meet the challenge. They were unwilling to scrap their denominational machinery; they would be faithless to the fathers if they dropped their sectarian names; they stood for something distinctive in the religious world, and that "something" was more precious even than unity! And so this hope was defeated—the high vision of one all-inclusive Protestant church faded gradually and ingloriously away! Then came the final hope that the churches, however separate in organization and name, could find a common ground of action in the program of reconstruction which was being rapidly prepared. But here also came defeat! The churches, after all, were not interested in programs of reconstruction. The idea of applied religion was as alien to their sympathies as ever. They were still wedded to their creeds, as Jacob was wedded to his idols, and for these alone were they prepared to make sacrifice. The churches, in other words, were what they had always been. In spite of all the cataclysmic experiences of the War, they remained unchanged. They were institutions not of religion but of theology; they represented the mind not of the twentieth but of the sixteenth century. A movement of the scope and vision of the Interchurch Movement as originally conceived, could as little expect understanding and sympathy from the churches, as Jesus in his day could have expected support from the scribes and Pharisees.

II.

But the Interchurch Movement revealed something much more serious than the degeneracy of the churches. It revealed as well the utter degeneracy of the whole religious consciousness of our time. For all our boasting and high pretension, we are a material people, ours is a material civilization; and our religion, if it can even be called such at all, is as material as the soil in which it has its root. Of the things of the spirit we know and care as little, as the Romans in the worst days of their spiritual apostasy.

Take this Interchurch Movement, for example! In the beginning, as we have seen, this undertaking was nobly conceived and wisely planned. It seemed for a time as though Protestantism, so long despaired of by all spiritually-minded folk, were really to enter upon a rebirth. No sooner, however, was the problem of ways and means for sustaining the contemplated program definitely raised for discussion, than the real character of our modern religious consciousness was disclosed. Wise and far-visioned as these leaders of the Movement were in many ways, they could still think of nothing but money, when it came to the matter of carrying out their plans. It never seemed to enter their heads that money in itself can do nothing but swamp even the noblest movement in a flood of what is at best mere vulgar display and at worst out-and-out corruption. It never seemed to occur to any one of them, on the other hand, that there is such a thing as "the spirit of man," which, when appealed to in open faith, finds sustenance for its labors, and that between this sacred "spirit" and money, there is an essential and therefore unescapable antagonism. In the Interchurch Movement, exactly as in Wall Street, it was felt that money was the miracle-worker. With gold, not with God,

we can do all things! Whereupon was launched that scandalous "drive" for hundreds of millions of dollars, which not only failed miserably in itself, but also, as was definitely prophesied in these columns, swallowed up all the idealism the Movement ever had.

Nor was this the worst! To launch a vast religious revival on a sea of dollars was bad enough. But what shall we say as to the methods resorted to, in order to make this launching successful? In the forefront of the "drive" were placed numerous millionaires, the sources of whose wealth had long since been called into public question. Advertising was placed in our most popular newspapers and magazines, presenting religion in open competition with automobiles, shaving soap and underwear. Worst of all, in this stupendous appeal for money, the cause of the churches was not once presented in anything other than the crassest terms of materialistic expediency. The churches help to keep employes contented—the churches raise real estate values—the churches make investments secure! These were the arguments used on behalf of organized religion!! Never, we believe, in all history, has there been a bolder confession of utter spiritual bankruptcy than this of the campaign of the Interchurch World Movement. It was so gross, and at the same time so obviously unconscious, as to be nauseating. The biting satire in the July *Liberator*, of Jesus saying to a certain rich man, "Go and sell that thou hast and give to the poor," contrasted with Roger Babson saying to the American financier, "The value of our investments depends upon the strength of our churches . . . let us business men get behind the churches"—tells the whole story. We have lost the sense of religion. We no longer know what the spirit is. Triumphantly in our time has Mammon usurped the throne of God.

III.

Such is the revelation which the Interchurch World Movement has brought us, first of the spiritual degeneracy of our churches, and secondly of the absolute bankruptcy of the present-day religious consciousness of man. What this revelation means, as regards the future development of religion, is, of course, perfectly plain.

In the first place, we must have a new church, organized on the basis of our modern democratic life, sensitive to the thought and aspirations of our modern time, and dedicated to the practical work of social redemption. For all purposes in any way related to the present, our existing churches must henceforth be regarded as hopeless. Most of them are already dead; and those which still preserve some vitality, are either chattering the runes of a mummified theology, or pandering to the necessities of the rich upper classes of society. The Interchurch Movement, especially in its proposal for the dissolving of denominational antagonisms, offered one last and glorious opportunity for recovery; but this was lost, never to be given again. The one task now before those who believe in the efficacy and beneficence of organized religion, is the building of a new church. To labor with the old institutions longer, is to rattle dry bones, to cultivate dead and withered stalks. A new planting of new seed, in the fresh-turned soil of the common life, is all the hope we have.

This brings us to the second lesson taught us by the failure of the Interchurch Movement. We must have today not only a new church, but a new religion. Spiritually speaking, we moderns are a depraved race. Nothing can save us but a purification of our whole religious consciousness, from the corrupt materialism by which it is now devoured. In view of the ghastly revelation presented by the Interchurch World Movement, of what religion means even to those who are most sincerely concerned with its welfare, and most ardently willing to make sacrifice on its behalf, we are profoundly persuaded that the time is now at hand for a new spiritual crusade. Following the classic example of all the great prophets of the spirit, from Amos and Jesus to Wesley and Parker, we must go out from our churches, leave behind the safe places of our wealth and culture, and seek the oppressed but still unspoiled common people, in those obscure corners where they may be found. We must begin again at the bottom, just as the early Christians did, with the souls of simple men, and build anew the true religion of God's Kingdom upon earth. And it is just this thing which is being done today in diverse places by valiant souls who see and seek the light. The Interchurch Movement, after all, was not without avail. It was at least a magnificent gesture, pointing clearly the passing of the old and the coming of the new.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

RAIN ON THE WINDOWS.

Rain on the windows! How the chasm street
  Floods quick with sudden rivers! Where the green
  Oasis of a mimic wood is seen.
Faintly, as from afar, I catch a fleet
Glimpse of an olden orchard where the wheat
  Waits for the toilers and the golden sun;
  And somehow see slim shapes, one after one,
Slip through the showery maze with unheeding feet.

And many a tired heart pauses, sick to hear
  Those friendly fingers tapping at the glass,
  And hear the wet winds whispering in the grass,
As once he heard them; and the unbidden tear
  Leaps to the lid . . . "Ah, but the meadows lay
  Sweet in the rain that long-gone summer day!"

The Freeman. —*Mahlon Leonard Fisher.*

THE PULPIT

The Mischief of Tongues

(*Concluded*)

(3) A third variety of "the mischief of tongues" is what I would call *imagination*. This is very simple to understand, especially as most of us have resort to it as a regular practice of our lives. It has its beginning in lack of information. We undertake to tell a story, or give a report, and we discover that we have first-hand knowledge of only a few of the many facts involved. In between and around the facts which are ours by right of personal possession, so to speak, there is a vacuum of ignorance. Now, personal pride, like nature, abhors a vacuum; none of us likes to admit that there is anything we do not know. Therefore is it our almost invariable habit, in telling a story, to fill up the vacuum of our ignorance with the products of our imagination. Since certain facts, which we know, are so, we bravely assume that certain other facts, which we do not know, are likewise so; and thus in place of a few disjointed episodes which seem to have little significance, we present a well-rounded story which is full of interest and meaning. How constant is our unconscious appeal to imagination is sharply revealed to us when we are called upon to take the witness chair in a court of law, and tell of some experience about which we are supposed to have first-hand information. We do not proceed very far in our tale, before we are stopped by the judge, and reminded that the rules of evidence allow us to state only what we ourselves have seen. We cannot say that somebody told us this, or somebody else saw that, or that everybody believes the other. We cannot even speak what we ourselves believe; we must say only what we know. Whereupon our tale, thought by us to be so convincing, is shorn of its most impressive features, and becomes a mere fragment of its original self.

A highly amusing illustration of what imagination can do, may be found in Lady Gregory's little one-act drama called "Carrying the News," published as the first play in her volume of *Seven Short Plays*. These sketches for the stage are supposed to be interpretative of Irish nature—and so they are! But many of them also, as for instance this one, "Carrying the News," are admirably interpretative as well as of human nature. In the first scene of the play, Jack Smith appears upon the stage on his way to the hay field. Stopping for a moment to speak to an old apple woman, he lays down his hay fork upon the ground, in order the more easily to light his pipe. While engaged in this operation, a tumult takes place off stage, and Jack runs off to see what is the matter. Enter now Bartley Fallow, who speaks of his friend Jack Smith, spies his hay fork, and snatches it up and runs off to give it to Jack and thus save him the trouble of coming back. A busy-body now enters, inquiring about Bartley Fallow, and is told by the apple woman that "He's gone up the road, following Jack Smith with a hay fork!" *Following Jack Smith with a hay fork!* Now why does one man follow another with a hay fork! Not to do him any good, to be sure! The two men must have had a falling out, and this one is seeking the other's blood. This is "the news," carried from ear to ear by eager gossips, until at last, at the climax of the play, we learn amid intense excitement that poor faithful Bartley has murdered his friend Jack Smith, out of jealous love for his wife!

Imagination of this kind, however, is not confined by any means to the stage. We had an abundance of it in real life in this country during the War, when people imagined all kinds of vain things about the Germans; and today we are having the same kind of hysterics over the Bolsheviki. In 1916 and 1917, the Germans were everywhere, and were plotting the most horrible deeds against the government. Why, shortly before the entrance of the United States into the conflict, I was dining with a distinguished man in this city, a lawyer trained by long and successful experience to the weighing of evidence and the maintenance of what we call the judicial habit of mind. "I suppose you know," he said, during one of the courses, "that if this country declares war, an attempt will be made by German-Americans to seize the government and set up a military dictatorship." I expressed some surprise that such a thing was possible, and asked for evidence. "Why," said my host, "the Germans everywhere are collecting arms, and are preparing to take us unawares. Only the other night a friend of mine chanced to be crossing Central Park at a late hour, and he saw a thousand or more Germans drilling in the moonlight!" Such a story seems at this moment to mark "the height of the ridiculous," and we laugh gaily. But the same fantastic tales are now being told about the Bolshevists, and most of the people believe them to be true. If any of us are thus tempted to take any stock in sensational stories about "red" conspiracies, let us recall the sober testimony given by Judge Anderson of Boston in his recent speech before the Harvard Liberal Club. During the War this man now federal judge of the eastern district of Massachusetts, was prosecuting attorney for the government, and therefore charged with the task of investigating pro-German plots, and discovering and punishing the guilty parties. As a result of his experience in this work, Judge Anderson states that more than ninety-five per cent of all alleged conspiracies against the government during the war had no foundation in fact—they were the products merely of the excited imagination of the people. In the same way, said Judge Anderson in this Boston speech, we may now be sure that ninety-five per cent or more of the alleged plotting of the "reds" today is simply myth-making. We are living in the same hysterical atmosphere as that which afflicted our fathers in the days of the witchcraft delusion. At that time everybody believed that old women were having commerce with the Devil; today we believe that aliens are having commerce with Lenin. With the same result—imagination, driven by fear, running riot with the facts!

In no case is imagination more active than in the business of alleging motives for conduct which we cannot understand. An illustration of this is seen in the case of a very dear friend of mine, who was until a few months ago the minister of a Unitarian church. In recent years, this minister has become more and more radical on social questions, much to the disappointment and disgust of many of his congregation. At last the definite charge was made that he was a Socialist, and was acting in the pay of the Socialist party in delivering Socialist propaganda from the pulpit. In making this charge, the

gossip responsible was guilty of no deliberate falsehood. It was simply inconceivable to him that any minister could hold what he regarded as such dangerous opinions on political and economic problems, and still be honest! There must be some ulterior motive involved; and his imagination forthwith taught him that, of course, the selfish motive was that of serving the Socialist party for pay. The result of this speculation, and of the charge based upon it, was my friend's retirement not only from this pulpit, but from the ministry as a profession.

A much more important example of imagination as a discoverer of motive, is that of Lenin and his statesmanship during the progress of the Great War. No sooner had this Bolshevist taken control of affairs in Russia, than it became evident that he did not intend to play the game of the Allies as the Czar and Kerensky had played it. This aroused instant alarm in nations that were battling for their lives, and led to the charge that Lenin and his government were in German pay. That the Bolshevists might have suspicion of the Allies as well as of the Germans, have high interests of their own to serve which were altogether independent of all issues involved in the western struggle, have ideals of national and international life which far transcended anything known to either of the contending forces—all of this, of course, was regarded by the Allies as utterly inconceivable. Were not they the defenders of liberty and justice and civilization? Were they not fighting for absolutely unselfish ends of democracy? Was not their cause the cause of everything that was sacred in the relations of men? Anybody that failed to see the absolute sincerity of the alliance against Germany, and give support to that alliance, must inevitably be in the pay of the Kaiser. Hence the charge, which went around the world, and for months was accepted without question, that Lenin was a hired agent of Germany. Today, of course, we know that this indictment was untrue. The most responsible and trustworthy witnesses have given us definite information that Lenin was not only not in the pay of the Germans, but on the contrary was eager to join hands with the Allies, if only they would give him guarantee that at the bottom of their struggle were not the same imperialistic designs which were manifest in the case of the Kaiser. These guarantees could not be given, for reasons made plain since the adjournment of the Peace Conference, and Lenin therefore refused to keep Russia on the battle line. He had no intention of serving the selfish interests of militarism in any part of the world, either in Germany or elsewhere. Such an attitude was absolutely incomprehensible to the war maddened nations of Europe, as we have seen; and thus did the imagination of the Allies supply the motive of German pay, just as in Germany, by the way, it supplied the exactly opposite motive of Allied pay!

(4) The last variety of "the mischief of tongues," of which I shall speak this morning, is *prevarication*, out-and-out lying. Of this I know no better illustration than the falsehoods which are freely told of our public men, especially those who reach the highest offices in the gift of the people. How vividly do I recall, for example, the stories which were told about President Cleveland in his first administration, when I was a little boy with big ears! One was that Mr. Cleveland was drunk not less than two days out of every three. Another was that he mistreated his wife. Still a third was to the effect that certainly one and possibly more of his children were feeble-minded. No one of these stories, of course, had any basis in fact. They were the invention of outraged Republicans who saw with horror the entrance into the White House of the first Democratic President since the Civil War. And yet so frequently and so positively were they told, so freely were they bandied about in the newspapers and on the public platform, that even to this day whenever I hear the name of Grover Cleveland I think immediately of three things—drunkenness, wife-beating and defective children.

What Mr. Cleveland suffered from wicked partisan falsehood is only what every distinguished public man, who has won great victories in the face of bitter opposition, is forced to suffer. Mr. Roosevelt was followed almost to the end of his days with the foul slander of drunkenness, which ended only when a libel suit failed to reveal a single man who would take oath that he had ever seen him in an intoxicated condition. When I was in England in 1913, I was told by the most sober and intelligent people that Mr. Asquith, the Prime Minister of the realm, was a drunkard; and that Mr. Lloyd George, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, was living with a woman not his wife. Again and again in recent years have I heard statements about Wilson which I would not soil my lips by repeating either in public or private. Thus do we befoul our leaders by suggestions, innuendos, direct indictments, all at bottom a tissue of falsehood. Thus do we lie about those who should be first in our reverence and trust! Of public men in our modern democracies it must be said, what Sir Peter Teazle said of himself in the play, that when they enter public office they "leave their characters behind them."

And now this vile system of prevarication has been extended from men to nations and social classes. No sooner had the War gotten well under way, than all the belligerent countries made the great discovery of the potentialities of what is technically known as propaganda, but what at bottom is nothing more nor less than official and systematic lying. "Whenever you see the word 'propaganda,'" says Ian Hay, the English soldier, "blot it out and put in its place the more accurate word 'lies.'" What was the extent of this deliberate practice of public falsehood, fostered by government and engineered by newspapers and press associations, we are just beginning to learn when "now," as Philip Gibbs has reminded us, "it can be told." Elaborate lies were told about our Allies, so that we might believe them wholly good, and love them; much more elaborate lies were told about our enemies, so that we might believe them wholly evil, and hate them. The whole atmosphere of the War was falsehood. And now this atmosphere is being perpetuated in these days after the War, by that extension of the method of propaganda from nations to social classes. The lies we told yesterday about Germans and Austrians, we tell today about Socialists, Communists and I. W. W.'s, to the same end of bitterness, hatred and violent combat!

Such now are some of the more significant types or varieties of "the michief of tongues." To study these types and to consider however cursorily the havoc that they work with relationships between men, is to come face to face with the inquiry as to the

causes of evil speaking. Why, in our communications with one another, are we guilty of exaggeration, distortion, imagination and prevarication? Why is our speech not what Jesus recommended, the simple "Yea, yea," and "Nay, nay"? To this, it seems to me, there are two replies.

In the first place, we speak evil of our neighbors, because there is evil in ourselves. This is the explanation which Maeterlinck offers in his essay. "The evil which we find in others," he writes, "the evil which we speak of them, exists within ourselves. . . . We perceive clearly only those defects which are ours, or which we are on the point of acquiring. Within ourselves is kindled the evil flame whose reflection we perceive in others. Each of us diligently searches out, among those who surround him, the vice or the defect that reveals to the clear-sighted the vice or the defect to which he himself is thrall. . . . He who speaks ill of others is, in short, merely his own traducer; and evil-speaking is, in essence, but the story of our own faults, transposed or anticipated."

What this means has been made clear for us in recent years by the psycho-analysts. Deep down within the souls of us all, far below the threshold of consciousness, there lie instincts and impulses which we have never seen and therefore do not know. These instincts take us far back into the primitive experience of the race. They represent the accumulation of those emotional reactions which, under the influence of teaching, or custom, or personal will, have been disciplined or altogether suppressed, and therefore no longer intrude upon the routine of daily conduct. There are times, however, when our conscious selves do not exercise that degree of control over our thoughts and actions which is their wont. Now and again they are caught off guard, so to speak, and the primitive within us, long hidden from the sight of men, comes rushing to the surface and for the instant shows us as we really are. Our nightly sleep is pre-eminently such a time, as witness the phenomenon of dreams, which signify nothing other than the liberation of those basic passions and desires of the soul which we have long since put away and dare not confess even to ourselves. And another such time is our speaking of our fellow-men! Inevitably, in reactions on one another, we escape from the control of our conscious life, and pass without knowing it into the realm of unconscious impulse and emotion. What we say of evil, as also of good, is determined not at all by what we think or know, but by what deep down within us we instinctively feel in the unfathomed reaches of our lives. How otherwise can we explain the slanders which spring to our lips, sometimes to our own disgust, when we hear of some unusual friendship between a man and a woman? It is almost impossible for a man to enjoy an intellectual or spiritual intimacy with a woman not his wife, or a woman to enjoy such an intimacy with a man not her husband, without falling victim to immediate suspicion of sexual relationship. And the explanation is not that they are guilty, but that deep within us there are those brutish passions of sex-desire, which in our conscious life are safely leashed, but here in the unconscious of our instinctive reaction on other people, reveal themselves as present all the while. What therefore we charge or suggest against others is only what we unconsciously feel within ourselves. We suspect others of doing what we would like to do were we not chained, by the bonds of custom, to propriety. Our talk about others is, from the psychoanalytic standpoint, a kind of waking dream which reveals our hidden selves. Hence the soundness of Maeterlinck's contention that "he who speaks ill of others is merely his own traducer."

But there is another explanation of our "mischief of tongues." We speak evil in obedience not only to the hidden impulses of lawless desire, but also to the basic instincts of self-protection. There is no one of us who is not ambitious to stand high among his fellows. There is no one of us who does not know that at bottom we have no great claim to superiority—that our moral stature is far from being as tall and fair as we could desire. What more natural, therefore, than that we should seek to raise this stature! Now to raise it absolutely, is difficult; it is almost as hard to add a cubit to our stature morally as it is physically. But to raise this stature relatively, by reducing the stature of other people by the side of whom we stand, this is easy, and no agency is so effective to this end as evil speaking.

I may illustrate this point by recalling to your memory the famous production in this city some years ago of Edmund Rostand's poetic drama, "Chantecler." You will recall that the scene of this play is a barnyard, and that the characters are all animals, mostly fowls—the rooster, the turkey, the duck, the pheasant hen, the guinea hen, the white hen, the speckled hen, the blackbird, the peacock, the dog, the cat, etc. Now when this play was put upon the boards, the stage manager was immediately confronted by the problem of making his barnyard characters, all of which were played of course by men and women, appear in such fashion that they would seem to the audience to be of normal size. He solved this problem not by getting a company of children or dwarfs, but by placing ordinary men and women against a scenic background of stupendous size. His trees were giant trees, his barn was an enormous barn, a spade was twenty-four feet instead of four feet high. So exaggerated, in other words, was the scenery of the play, that the characters who played against it inevitably gave the impression of being much smaller than they really were.

Now exactly the opposite of what was done in this production of "Chantecler" is done by us in our evil speaking against our neighbors. By reducing their moral stature, which is the background against which we play our lives, we give the appearance of elevating our own. The more evil we can make other men appear, in other words, the more virtuous we shall appear by contrast. Thus do we protect ourselves from the comparative failure into which our weakness or vices would otherwise consign us. We stand as tall as Agamemnon among the Grecian kings, because we move among men whom we have dwarfed by the slander of our tongues. "Assume a virtue if you have it not," says Shakespeare. We have bettered this instruction by imposing upon others faults which they have not, and thus relieving ourselves of the task of even assuming virtue.

Such are the reasons which underlief the "mischief" of our tongues. And now, how shall we escape? For there is no one of us, I take it, who would not gladly be redeemed from this monstrous sin of "speaking guile." We know that theft of property is nothing as compared with that theft of reputation which is

consummated when we bear false or even careless witness against our neighbor. "Good name in man and woman," says Shakespeare again—

Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And leaves me poor indeed.

In answer to this question I venture to lay down, in closing, three rules of conduct:

(1) *If you cannot speak well of a person, speak not at all!* If this rule were rigidly obeyed a great silence would fall upon the world, as Maeterlinck suggests. But how blessed this silence would be!

(2) *If you must speak, state only what you know to be true!* This rule, if obeyed, would reduce the total amount of our daily conversation by as much perhaps as 99.44 per cent. But the remnant left would at least be "99.44 per cent pure."

(3) *If you must speak what you do not know, take good for granted and not evil!* Sometimes we shall be disappointed, but not in the majority of cases. For there is more good in people's hearts than evil; and we should remember that the expectation of a thing is oftentimes its own creation.

If these three rules were heeded, "the mischief of tongues" would end, and with it a large part of the troubles of mankind. For "many have fallen by the edge of the sword, but not so many as have fallen by the tongue." JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

YOUTH.

Youth is at the heart of life:
  Else there would be no Spring—
No April leaping in the world,
  Where all hearts sing.

Youth is at the heart of God
  And in this golden power
The universe is ever young,
  Forever bright with flower.

As through the eyes of youth I see
  A glorious hour for men
When they shall find their dreams, shall find
  Their youth again.

Nautilus. —*Edwin Markham.*

SUPPLICATION.

God of my quenchless Soul trembling to thee,
I am afraid of the Fire in me—
This spark of the Spirit that glows and burns—
This wonderful Something that lives and yearns,
Dynamic and fluid and free—how it spurns
These cloisters of men with their pitiful fires
Builded on altars of petty desires—
Speak to me, God! Again and again
Crash with thy Joy through my infinite Pain—
Let me but hear!

Art thou then in the rain—
Is this then thy Beauty afloat in the air—
This breath that I breathe and that touches my hair—
Hast thou been here—all the time—everywhere
Smiling so calmly down into my eyes
Thee with thy Wisdom that only is Wise—
What am I, God—What am I to be—
Lord of My Life—can it be I AM THEE?

HARRIET LAKE-BURCH.

CONTRIBUTED

"The Ordeal of Mark Twain"

It is no easy task for the most accomplished critic to undertake a thoroughgoing analysis of a great literary figure. Such an adventure requires a mind of exceeding perspicacity, an almost mathematical ability to weigh and estimate values, and an unflinching courage to brave the opinions of friends and admirers who have been closely associated with the life and work of the artist. As a rule these qualifications are not found in the critic, for they are too closely allied with those rare gifts of the creative mind to be often employed in criticism, however tempting the figure which presents itself for review. A sharp line divides the functions and performances of the best of critics from those of the fine creative artist, and in literature this line is broader and straighter than in any other art.

Mr. Van Wyck Brooks, however, is critic and artist at the same time. "The Ordeal of Mark Twain" is a critical analysis which for completeness of method and attack will endure as a model of criticism raised to an art. Here is a vivid revelation of a man's hinterland: a life withdrawn from the mass, desires sacrificed on the alter of *Lares et Penates,* ambitions thwarted, inclinations suppressed, and artistic purpose turned awry. Mr. Brooks with amazing candor lays bare those vanities and foibles of the artist who surrenders his labors to the idols of the middle-class market-place. He takes hold of the Mark Twain we thought we knew and in a process of searching psychological analysis presents the real character as it paraded through life dispensing smiles for the ribald and the shallow throng while carrying something tragic in its soul. The book is a revelation and an indictment: an indictment of the tyranny of the family in the life of the artist. First, Mark Twain's mother and her sentimental influence upon the youth, then his wife and her censorship of his work. He seemed always to be bound by the promise that he made to his mother at the time of his father's death to be a good little boy and do nothing to offend her. The scene drawn so vividly by Mr. Paine, the biographer, of the death and funeral of the father is a poignant one. To what extent this event influenced his life, and to what extent the promise exacted by his mother obstructed and thwarted the artistic inclination of the boy is revealed by Mr. Brooks: "Hide your faces, Huck and Tom! Put away childish things, Sam Clemens; go forth into the world, but remain always a child, your mother's child! In a day to come you will write to one of your friends, 'We have no *real* morals, but only artificial ones—morals created and preserved by the forced suppression of natural and healthy instincts.' Never mind that now; your mother imagines her heart is in the balance—will you break it? Will you promise? . . . And the little boy, in the terror of that presence, sobs: 'Anything!'"

But there was not only a domestic tyranny which ruled over the early years of the author of "Huckleberry Finn"; there was the tyranny of his literary advisers and friends. Here we are presented with a full length portrait of the man so many of us were familiar with but really did not know, revealing an apparently free, somewhat careless, seemingly happy, generous, laughter-making fellow under the most extraordinary restraints. And no one was more con-

scious of the pernicious effect of these restraints than Mark Twain himself. Not until he had reached the age of seventy could he summon enough courage to declare that he would write what had been in his mind:

His first breathless thought was to "tell the truth" at last. Seventy years, he said again, is "the time of life when you arrive at a new and awful dignity; when you may throw aside the decent reserves which oppressed you for a generation, and stand unafraid and unabashed upon your seven-terraced summit and look down and teach unrebuked." Huck Finn, escaping from an unusually long and disagreeable session with Aunt Polly—that is the posture of Mark Twain, seventy years young, in this moment of release, of relief, of an abandon which, with time, has become filled with sober thoughts.

The time was passed when he would suffer the censorship of his wife and Mr. Howells. He would tell the truth and write his books without modification. But, as Mr. Brooks says,

Mark Twain had lived too fully the life of the world; the average sensual man had engulfed the poet. Like an old imprisoned revolutionist it faced the gates of a freedom too long deferred. What visions of revolt had thrilled it in earlier years! How it had shaken its bars! But now the sunlight was so sweet, the run of a little sap along those palsied limbs. On his seventieth birthday Mark Twain was dazzled by his liberty. He was going to tell the world the truth, the whole truth, and a little more than the truth! Within a week he found that he no longer had the strength.

This product of the system of commercial prosperity and artistic stagnation somehow always failed when put to the tests of the true artist. It was seldom that he had the courage to assert his right to free expression; he quailed always before the bogies of censorship. Anything that would have led him for a moment out of the broad highway of popular approval made him recoil with fear. A victim of the system if ever artist was! "He, the unconscious sycophant of the crass materialism of the Gilded Age, who had, in 'The Innocents Abroad,' poured ignorant scorn upon so many of the sublime creations of the human spirit, he, the playboy, the comrade and emulator of magnates and wire-pullers, had begun even then to pay with an impotent fury for having transgressed his own instincts unawares. A born artist ridiculing art, a born artist hating art, a born artist destroying art—there we have the natural evolution of a man who, in the end, wishes to destroy himself and the world. How angrily suspicious he is, even thus early, of all æsthetic pretensions! What a fierce grudge he has against those who lay claim to a certain affection for the perverse mysteries of high art! They want to get into the dress circle, he says, by a lie; that's what they're after!" Mark Twain became a slave to the system, and soon learned to fear its laughter, knowing if he did not make the system laugh at the æsthetic, the system might suspect his real inclinations and turn its laughter upon him. "Tragic Mark Twain!" Mr. Brooks remarks,

Irresponsible child that he is, he does not even ask himself whether he is doing right or wrong, so unquestioningly has he accepted the code of his wife and his friends. That superb passion, the priceless passion of the satirist, is simply being wasted, like the accumulated steam from an engine whose machinery has broken down and cannot employ it.

In this revelation of Mark Twain Mr. Brooks has given a startling picture of the America of that day. The curse of pioneer prosperity has never been so fearlessly exposed. The glorification of the primitive man of business which has been the burden of the national chant for a couple of generations is shown to be a large part of the slave's ritual in a system where, as Mark Twain said, "by the goodness of God, we have those three unspeakably precious things: freedom of speech, freedom of conscience, and the prudence never to practice either of them." That time is however past, and Mr. Brooks in closing his brilliant analysis sends out a rallying cry to all who would raise up in this land a standard of new attainment in life and art.

He [Mark Twain] was the supreme victim of an epoch in American history, an epoch that has closed. Has the American writer of today the same excuse for missing his vocation? "He must be very dogmatic or unimaginative," says John Eglinton, with a prophetic note that has ceased to be prophetic, "who would affirm that man will never weary of the whole system of things which reigns at present. . . . We never know how near we are to the end of any phase of our experience, and often when its seeming stability begins to pall upon us, it is a sign that things are about to take a new turn." Read, writers of America, the driven, disenchanted, anxious faces of your sensitive countrymen; remember the splendid parts your confrères have played in the human drama of other times and other peoples, and ask yourselves whether the hour has not come to put away childish things and walk the stage as poets do.

RICHARD CLAUGHTON.

War and Religion

By Charles E. Beals

VII.—RELIGION AS A HIGHER SOLDIERSHIP.

Religion literally is a soldiership. The moral warfare is not figurative or imaginary, but very real. Between right and wrong an irreconcilable hostility exists. Goodness and badness are so unlike that where one triumphs the other cannot exist. Kant thus compares them: "Right, the sacrifice of self to good; wrong, the sacrifice of good to self; wide asunder as pole and pole." Moral goodness is that which makes for the common welfare. Conversely, that is morally bad which makes against the common good. The bad man lives to himself at the expense of the community welfare. On the other hand, he who is loyal to the true welfare of his fellows, who subordinates individual pleasure to the welfare of all, is a morally good person. Badness is something more than mere absence of goodness. It is something positive, but in the wrong direction. It is selfwardness or selfishness. That life is morally bad whose central principle is self-seeking. All sins are so many forms of selfishness. Goodness is brotherliness. Thus there is an "irrepressible conflict," a conflict unavoidable and real.

Moral neutrality is impossible. There is no middle ground, no place for moral non-combatancy. One lives for self or he lives to serve. Because each person exerts an influence, one's character counts on one side or the other—for or against the kingdom of selfishness, for or against the kingdom of love. Example and conduct are infectious. Hence moral responsibility is unescapable. Browning's "Pippa Passes" is an exquisite little classic on unconscious influence. He who attempts moral neutrality is a moral "slacker." He is not loyal to goodness. "He that is not for is against." "Inasmuch as ye did it not"—this is the condemnation. Not to espouse a needy moral cause means that one enrolls himself for, and lends his influence to, the opposition.

Moral loyalty demands complete obedience to moral ideals. The test of faith is faithfulness. Loyalty

which gives way in the face of danger is not genuine loyalty. The life and limb of the soldier belong to his country, and at the command of country must be put in jeopardy or laid on the altar of actual sacrifice. "Faithful unto death"—this is the demand, this the measure, of loyalty. Anything short of this is not loyalty but treason. "O Athenians," cried Socrates, "I honor and love you, but I shall obey God rather than you." The willing acceptance of the poison cup was the proof of his moral loyalty. William Bradford recorded in his immortal "History": "The Pilgrims covenanted with one another and the Lord to walk in all his ways according to their best endeavors, whatever it should cost them. And that it did cost them something the ensuing history will declare." What a stinging rebuke is this to the easy-going, self-indulgent mammonism of modern ecclesiastical religion! What the world needs is the ready-to-die-ness of moral minutemen who hear the call of duty and resolutely determine to be true at whatever cost. Loyalty is as exacting in religion as in military soldierdom. It demands all or accepts nothing.

Spiritual battles are not "dagger-of-lath" affairs. First and fiercest of all is the self-battle, the better self struggling against surviving animalisms, the soul "pawing to get free." From all lands, from all literatures, from the world's wisest and best men, comes testimony as to the universality of the self-battle. In his body man is an animal, akin to other animals. He is also soul, capable of goodness, capable of likeness to, and union with, God. The lower self asserts itself against the higher. Out of this struggle morality is born. The resultant of the subjection of body to spirit is virtue. Without this self-struggle there could be no such thing as moral character.

In addition to the self-battle there is an endless campaign for better society, improved institutions, laws, customs and ever higher moral standards. Everyday life affords opportunity for heroism. One may find a field for the exercise of real soldierliness in cheerfully enduring pain, invalidism, bereavement, or in the faithful performance of routine work. Certain necessary but deadly occupations call for martyrs, for men who are willing to lay down their lives for the common good. Every step of social and moral progress must be paid for in sacrifice. The path of the innovator is beset with unescapable peril. The reformer not only must expect to grapple with the natural mental inertia of the human race, but he also inevitably will come into collision with unhallowed vested interests which will trample upon him and rend him. "From scaffold to scaffold," as Wendell Phillips described it—it is thus that humanity inches ahead. Pathbreakers in science, pioneers of intellectual freedom, advocates of political and social reform must make up their minds to be "living sacrifices" to the stupidity and cruelty of their fellow men. He who "meddles with sacred things" by trying to raise the standards of institutional religion brings down upon himself the bigoted rage and bitter persecution of the orthodox. He is classed by them as "heretic," "troubler of Israel," "blasphemer" and "revolutionist." Frequently innovators and reformers are mobbed or imprisoned or put to death because they can be answered and silenced in no other way. But only at such price can social progress be bought. The institutions of today are the heresies of yesterday. Martyrdom is the price of social redemption. The present order can be made better only by the heroic sacrifices of men and women who are brave enough to break step with the world. If life does not seem a battle to a man, very likely it is because that man never has taken a man's part in the campaign for the establishment of a regime of righteousness and brotherliness on earth.

That a state of justice and kindliness is the goal of human evolution is evident to the thoughtful observer. What a stupendous drama is spread out before our eyes! We see uncounted centuries devoted to the preparation of a habitable earth home for animals. Then comes life's upward climb, from unicellular creatures, up through the various stages of life, until the human body, with its delicate and complex mechanism, is reached. This goal attained, a new and higher task is attempted, even the development of mind and goodness. The orderliness and direction in the universe, as revealed by physical science, point toward certain ends. And human history shows, as Matthew Arnold put it, that there is "a stream of tendency, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness." Nations, yes, the human race itself, must be moral or perish. You cannot run human society without morality. The manifest trend in history is toward socialization, ethicization, fraternization. To "work with God at love" is the moral warfare to which soldierly souls are summoned.

Can anyone enlist? Certainly. "Whosoever will may." In the army of goodness there is no place for conscript or unwilling draftees. God himself could not make a man virtuous without the man's personal effort. But are men morally free? Or are they the helpless victims of fate, of materialism, of heredity, of environment, or of bad habits? Over against all these speculative theorizings there ever abides the consciousness of freedom. We know that we are not machines. We know that we are more than animals. We are conscious of moral alternatives, and reproach ourselves for wrong choices because we realize that we might have chosen otherwise. Without such freedom neither personality nor moral accountability could exist. "I can because I ought," argued Kant.

To enlist in the army of righteousness one need only commit himself to the cause of love. God's chief attribute is love. We cannot think of a better deity than the "God of love." To become godlike, to come into unity and fellowship with God, we must love, we must devote ourselves to the enterprise of establishing a kingdom of love on earth. Just as Gareth, through lowly service nobly and holily performed, attained to knighthood, so we, through loving service, may come to such a state that, as the mystics used to say, "God ceases to be an object and becomes an experience." Through loyalty to love one comes to be a "partaker of the divine nature," and enters into the service of, and comradeship with, the "Eternal Goodness." This is religion. And he who attains to this experience is a soldier in the army of love.

(*To be continued.*)

I look for the new Teacher that shall follow so far those shining laws that he shall see them come full circle; shall see the world to be the mirror of the soul; shall see the identity of the law of gravitation with purity of heart; and shall show that the Ought, that Duty, is one thing with Science, with Beauty, and with Joy.—*Emerson.*

THE STUDY TABLE

New Books

THE SOUL OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN. William E. Barton. New York:1920. George H. Doran Co. 8vo, pp. xiv, 15—407.

This is undoubtedly the best discussion of the much-disputed question as to the religion of Abraham Lincoln. It represents a wide reading, years of research, and a careful and judicious use of material. Neither time, trouble nor expense has been spared in following out any promising evidence. An admirer of the great president, owner of an excellent library of Lincolniana, the author has diligently sought the original sources and utilized them fully. His discussion is under three heads—a study of religious environments, an analysis of the evidence, the religion of Lincoln. Under the first of these, he studies the Lincoln environments at different periods of his life—boyhood, young manhood, in Springfield, in Washington. From this study it is evident that Lincoln, like most men, experienced an evolution in religious thought. What he believed and said at seventeen years was quite a different thing from what he believed at thirty-five, or again at fifty; the ideas of a raw and inexperienced country boy, of a successful lawyer in the Illinois of "the forties," and of the President of the United States in the crisis of national history, are naturally unlike. In the second division of his book, Mr. Barton's diligence, ingenuity and acumen are seen at their best. Concerning Mr. Lincoln's religion, there are the most curiously divergent and contradictory statements, apparently from indisputable sources, and entitled to the readiest acceptance. In sifting this mass of evidence, our author shows exceptional poise and judgment. His examination is made with fairness and open-mindedness. There is nothing of bitterness or harsh criticism in it. In the third division of the book Mr. Barton is constructive. He aims to present Lincoln's actual religious views—even to construct a "Creed of Lincoln," drawn from the authentic and unquestioned utterances or writings of the man himself. That Lincoln was not an atheist—nor an infidel, as that term is usually employed—is demonstrated; any boyish tendency to unbelief certainly disappeared with years. That Lincoln believed in God, in sin and punishment, in goodness and reward, seems certain. At times in his life he held clearly Universalist ideas—the entire world of sinful men was saved by the death of Christ. He read some Unitarian writers with interest and respect. He had a high personal regard for James Smith, a Presbyterian clergyman of Springfield, at whose church he and Mrs. Lincoln were regular attendants. During his life at Washington, he went to the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, of which Phineas D. Gurley was pastor. He was not a church-member, though Mrs. Lincoln was. In the course of the war, Mr. Lincoln's religious nature deepened and strengthened. Somewhat of a fatalist, Mr. Lincoln also showed a tendency toward spiritualism and was rather given to superstitions. In the appendices to his book, Mr. Barton presents a mass of interesting documents bearing upon his subject. Altogether, the book is a thoughtful and valuable contribution to the great library of books dealing with Abraham Lincoln.

THE PLOT AGAINST MEXICO. L. J. de Bekker. New York:1919. Alfred A. Knopf. 16mo, pp. (vii) 295.

Mr. de Bekker speaks as an eye-witness. In 1919 he traveled sixteen hundred miles in the Mexican republic. He is opposed to intervention by the United States and means his book to be "a fighting book." There *is* a plot against Mexico. It has probably gone too far to be checked. It was no doubt perfected at Paris, though not at "the peace table." If the American people could really know just what agreements were entered into and what arrangements were made by Mr. Dohency in Paris, it is probable that no power on earth could lead us or stampede us into meddling in Mexico. But the American people do *not* know, and probably can not learn, those facts, and we are drifting. Yesterday's paper (June 26) reports Elihu Root and James Brown Scott, at The Hague, as warning against the mandate of Armenia, but complacently referring to a mandate of Mexico. *This* is the idea to which the American mind is to be made familiar; *this,* probably, is the plan that was agreed upon in Paris. A mandate of Mexico is intervention—and unjustifiable intervention. It means money wasted, homes bereaved, lives lost—to what end? Is it that a few great money-interests may pursue their plans of aggrandizement at the expense and permanent burdening of two great nations. It is said that the slogan at Washington now is "through to Panama." What does that mean to our already heavily burdened republic? For us to intervene—"to clean up Mexico," "to accept a Mexican mandate," "to help Mexico to solve her problems"—is not desirable either for Mexico or ourselves. It is a calamity to both. They can best solve their problems if left alone. For us to meddle is a curse to us and to them. What is really needed is a definite, firm, and honorable policy with reference to all nations. We should hold any government in Mexico responsible for American lives and property in precisely the same way as we hold France and England responsible; we should deal with claims against Mexico in precisely the same way as we do with claims against those countries. There should be no more bluster or aggressive attitude in the one case, than in the others. In every case the resources of diplomacy should be thoroughly exhausted; if they are unsuccessful, war remains. Both of these, in proper order, are recognized procedure. But—interference in internal affairs, infringement of sovereignty, bullying and threatening, assumption of unsolicited mandates,—these procedures have no place in the policies of a great and self-respecting nation. Mr. de Bekker does not say all this; we have interjected some observations, but he does give us an excellent book, in which he not only bares the plot, but also gives us some interesting side-lights on Mexico and Mexican character. He has done a genuinely patriotic service to the United States in writing it. A wide reading of the book is desirable. Mexican intervention is the most serious of the many serious dangers now confronting us.

THROUGH SANTO DOMINGO AND HAITI. Samuel Guy Inman. New York:(1920). Committee on Co-operation in Latin America. 16mo, pp. 96.

Mr. Inman made an official inspection of Santo Domingo and Haiti in the summer of 1919 for the Committee on Co-operation in Latin America, of

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

FROM THE "SING SING BULLETIN"

June, 1920.

The records of Sing Sing prison show that one hundred and seventy-six of the twelve hundred inmates now within its walls served with Pershing's army in the World War. Few of them have ever been in prison before.

Ask these men how they got here and their replies are mostly alike. They come from almost every walk in life. They were honest and respectable before they gave up civil employment to put on khaki uniform of an American soldier. Many are of good families and were students, clerks or mechanics at the time they enlisted or were drawn in the draft.

They explain what they have come to by telling of the reckless ways into which they drifted when they got into bad company. It was the first time that many of them had been away from home, away from the refining influences of good women. They were like wild colts that have broken out of pasture. They do not blame their commanding officers. Every possible effort was undoubtedly made to safeguard the morals of the men, but even the most vigilant officer couldn't be watching all that they did, particularly while on leave of absence.

Men who had been absent all their young lives fell into bad habits. They learned to drink and to gamble, and these led to other vices. Evil that they didn't know they were taught by evil associates. They did things they would never have dreamed of doing back in their home town. The vice and gaieties of Parisian life opened the way. It was so easy to give up to such things when there was so much of it opened to their inexperienced eyes.

When the Armistice was declared and they were returned to their native land, many had grown so reckless they had little desire to go back to their homes. The glamor of the bright lights of New York cabarets kept them in the big city until their money was squandered. Then they couldn't get home if they wished to go and they drifted into ways that were more evil. Many of the soldiers who are here were convicted of highway robbery, some of sticking-up shop-keepers, others of snatching packages of money from messengers returning from banks with funds for the weekly pay-roll.

Some of these young men who are now felons in gray, were awarded medals for heroic deeds on battlefields and in trench fights. Character and courage and self-sacrifice made of them heroes, but lax discipline and the brutalizing effects of savage warfare converted them into criminals. They went valiantly "over the top" and plunged headlong into a pit.

A hero medal is of little value to a man in prison.

THE LOW COST OF TEACHING SCHOOL.

Dr. Philander P. Claxton, U. S. commissioner of education, made a recent canvass of all of the states in the Union and found that 18,279 schools are closed because of lack of teachers, and 41,900 schools taught by teachers "below standard, but taken on temporarily in the emergency." The shortages in Kentucky were 2,250; Texas, 2,055; Virginia, 2,000; Georgia, 1,500; North Carolina, 700, and Iowa, 600. Texas had 4,000 sub-standard teachers; Virginia, 3,500; Alabama, 3,500; Tennessee, 3,000; Minnesota, 1,880; Illinois, 1,200; Kentucky, 1,100; New York, 1,100; South Carolina, 1,000.

In 1918 the average yearly salary of all elementary and secondary teachers was $421. The average salary of 26,271 high school teachers in 16 states and the District of Columbia was $1,031, and of the 141,189 elementary teachers in the same states, $606. The salaries of rural school teachers in seven states shows that the average salary of 1,206 men teachers, including high school teachers, was $711.68; of the 7,088 women teachers, $629.76. The average salary for colored teachers was $360.96. What the relation between these low wages and the shortage of teachers one need only conjecture. The Board of Education in Baltimore last year decided to open ten new kindergartens. This year everything was in readiness except the teachers. Only one of the kindergartens was opened. The children in the other districts are still without any attention in this direction. A federal questionnaire sent out in Texas revealed that 78 per cent of the losses to the teaching profession were from the best and most experienced teachers. The National Education Association reports that the attendance at normal schools has fallen off to an alarming degree. According to William L. Ettinger, superintendent of schools in New York City, more than 223,000 children were turned out of the schools between January 28 and February 17, 1920, and about 115,000 were sent home the week of March 8-13 because of the shortage of teachers.

There is no institution so vital to the workers to see maintained at its best as the public school system. There are no wage earners who need encouragement to carry on in their high calling more than do the school teachers.—*Life and Labor.*

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which he is executive secretary. The book is welcome as we are painfully ignorant in the United States regarding these two republics, in which we have seized and yet hold the power. In Santo Domingo we have done so, as the natural result, though illegal and unauthorized, of the financial control which we assumed during the administration of President Roosevelt. In Haiti, we have done so by acts of war, which were not authorized by Congress. Both cases were aggression by a strong nation upon weaker neighbors for its own political ends. That the aggression is *natural* is admitted; that, in a sense, we are guarding ourselves against complications with powerful nations is recognized; nevertheless, the illegality of our acts remains, as do the inconsistency with, and contradiction of, the fundamental principles upon which our government was established. Mr. Inman is sympathetic and impelled by commendable motives. He recognizes the anomaly of our presence and the difficulties with which we have to contend; he admits the good features of our work there and outlines assistance to be given to educational and religious undertakings. His book contains history, description, statistics, and suggestions. We criticize two features with reserve. (a) It is surely a mistake for those of us, who think the United States has gone beyond her rights, to use such a form of statement as—"but Haiti differs from the rest of our protectorates." Is Haiti our protectorate? How did she become so? Has the United States protectorates? To use such expressions is to accustom our people to such a position and to numb conscience. If imperialism is actually inevitable, let us openly announce it as a program. As long as we pretend to hold to the old standards, let us refuse to palliate their infringement by loose expression. (b) Mr. Inman gives a really extended bibliography, in which are included English, French and Spanish writings. Unfortunately two exceptionally important titles are missing—Max Henriquez Ureña—*Los Estados Unidos y la Republica Dominicana* and Tulio M. Cestero's article of the same name, in *La Reforma Social* for October, 1917.

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FROM "THE SUFFRAGIST"

(Washington, D. C.), official organ of the National Woman's Party, June, 1920.

Countries in Which Women Vote:

Azerbaijain (Moslem) Republic	1919
Australia	1902
Austria	1918
[1]Belgium	1919
British East Africa	1919
Canada	1918
Czecho Slovakia	1918
Denmark	1915
[2]England	1918
Finland	1906
Germany	1918
Holland	1919
Hungary	1918
Iceland	1919
Ireland	1918
Isle of Man	1881
Luxembourg	1919
[3]Mexico	1917
New Zealand	1893
Norway	1907
Poland	1918
Rhodesia	1919
Russia	1917
Scotland	1918
[4]Sweden	1919
Wales	1918

[1]*Electoral Reform Bill as passed granted suffrage to widows who have not remarried and mothers of soldiers killed in battle or civilians shot by Germans.*

[2]*Women over age of 30—Bill to reduce age to 21 has passed its second reading.*

[3]*No sex qualification for voting in constitution. Women have so far not availed themselves of their right to vote, but are expected to do so in the coming elections.*

[4]*To be confirmed in 1920.*

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